ſtewd pruins, and dried cakes: a captaine? Gods light theſe villaines wil make the word as odious as the word occupy, which was an excellent good worde before it was ill ſorted, therefore captains had neede look too't.

Bard. Pray thee go downe good Ancient.

Falſt. Hearke thee hither miſtris Dol.

Piſt. Not I, I tell thee what corporall Bardolfe, I could teare her, Ile be reuengde of her.

Boy Pray thee go downe.

Piſt. Ile ſee her damnd firſt, to Plutoes damnd lake by this hād to th'infernal deep, with erebus & tortures vile alſo: holde hooke and line, ſay I: downe, downe dogges, downe faters haue we not Hiren here?

Hoſt. Good captaine Peeſell be quiet, tis very late yfaith, I beſeeke you now aggrauate your choller.

Piſt Theſe be good humors indeede, ſhal pack-horſes, and hollow pamperd iades of Aſia which cannot goe but thirtie mile a day, compare with Cæſars and with Canibals, and troiant Greekes? nay rather damne them with King Cerberus, and let the Welkin roare, ſhall we fall foule for toies?

Hoſt. By my troth captaine, theſe are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone good Ancient, this will grow to a brawle anon.

Piſt. Men like dogges giue crownes like pins, haue we not Hiren here?

Hoſt. A my word Captaine, theres none ſuch here, what the goodyeare do[ ]you thinke I would [illegible]e her? for Gods ſake be quiet.

Piſt. Then feed and be fat, my faire Calipolis, come giues ſome ſacke, *ſi fortune me tormente ſperato me contento*, feare we brode ſides? no, let the fiend giue fire, giue me ſome ſacke, and ſweet hart, lie thou there, come we to ful points here? and are & cæteraes, no things?

Falſt. Piſtol, I would be quiet.

Piſt. Sweet Knight, I kiſſe thy neaffe, what, we haue ſeene the ſeuen ſtarres.

Dol.

Dol. For Gods ſake thruſt him ſuch a fuſtian raſcall.

Piſt Thruſt him downe ſtai nagges?

Falſt. Quaite him downe Ba ling, nay, and a doe nothing but thing here.

Bard Come, get you downe

Piſt. What ſhall we haue inc death rocke me a ſleepe, abridge let grieuons gaſtly gaping woun come Atropoſe I ſay.

Hoſt. Heres goodly ſtuffe to

Falſt. Giue me my rapier, boy

Dol I pray thee Iacke, I pray t

Fal. Get you downe ſtaires.

Hoſt. Heres a goodly tumult, il fore ile be in theſe tirrits and frigh alas, alas, put vp your naked weap pons.

Dol. I pray thee Iack be quiet, ſon little vliaunt villaine you.

Hoſt. Are you not hurte i'th g ſhrewd thruſt at your belly.

Fal. Haue you turnd him out

Bar. Yea ſir, the raſcal's drunk ſhoulder.

Fal. A raſcall to braue me?

Dol A you ſweet little rogue y ſweatſt, come let me wipe thy chops: a rogue, yfaith I loue thee ctor of Troy, woorth fiue of Aga then the nine Worthies, a villaine

Fal. Ah raſcally ſlaue! I will to

Dol Do and thou darſt for thy uas thee betweene a payre of ſhe

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